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land hills, chiefly in winter, the scene of the story is laid; a brief love-idyll, a breath of warmth and spring upon the edge of biting cold and snow. For it is curious—part of the writer's delicate art, indeed—to note how the essential landscape of this story harmonizes with the nature of the tale itself; the prolonged cold, the grudging soil, the scantily rewarded labor, make up "the compulsions of poverty" that here mean so much, and all play their significant parts in a story of life—not as victory or defeat, but what is often more tragic than defeat, life as a drawn game, a baleful arrest.

There is a certain inexorableness about Mrs. Wharton, as if she herself were constitutionally opposed to happiness, as if she were somewhat compelled to interpret life in terms of pain. Hence her beautifully told but somber tales are so unrelieved, fate in them is so persistently adverse, that they are sometimes not quite convincing. For after all, what men account as Fate does sometimes smile, and pain is pain by contrast with joy. But this particular story of three people, Ethan Frome, his wife Zeena, and Mattie Silver, is so swift, direct, and inevitable that it commands belief. The man, Ethan Frome, an undeveloped idealist, marrying, not for love, but because of feminine proximity and an instinctive recoil from loneliness, then finding beside him his fitting counterpart; the mutual happiness so wan and brief, the swift end, and then the long twilight of that truest heroism—the heroism of endurance—this finely self-consistent story takes firm hold of mind and imagination. And it is told, of course, with all Mrs. Wharton's rare skill. The forcible right words, like apples of gold in frames of silver, are all here. The seeing and perceiving eye and the divining mind, with all their complexities of observation and penetration, have opened up for their fortunate possessor another field in which her hand seems as sure and certain as in the more urban life she usually portrays, and in the more sophisticated people she usually sets before us.

THE OUTCRY. By HENRY JAMES. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1911.

"Admirable, admirable, and most admirable," must be the reader's gratified comment when, on the announcement of "The Prince," the curtain falls upon Mr. James's delightful comedy, "The Outcry." For while this, his latest work, is a novel in name—and domino, shall we say—the least brushing aside of its drapery will reveal it as a charming drama. The three books are in reality three acts, and the chapters are just so many rapidly moving scenes.

The art of Mr. James is so finished, his work so fine, his perception so subtle, and his irony so quietly comprehensive, that of course his work is caviare to the general. People who like their fiction in proportion as it does *not* represent, or naively misrepresents, Life; people whose ideas are confined to a "pretty story" and a "happy ending," cannot possibly enjoy a writer whose work is as truly scientific as it is finely literary, is as exact on one side as it is artistic on the other—work that is particularly characterized by its psychologic accuracy, and truth to life as its author sees and perceives life. For in his chosen way and degree Mr. Henry James is quite as marked and thorough a psychologist as was his dis-

tinguished brother. In this short novel, with scarce a word of comment, with no waste of description, just by their entrances and exits, their looks, words, and actions, does Mr. James set a group of very significant people before us. Motive, character, weakness and strength, mental and moral limitations, degree and quality, are all made unmistakably manifest. It is *Society* of its kind, of a large kind, indeed, with ramifications that bind together the Old World and the New. There is a certain similarity of *bouquet*, as wine connoisseurs say, of both continents in the characters of Lord Theygne and Mr. Breckenridge Bender, a cater-cousinship, too, in their utter disregard of art save as ministering to vanity and pride. What could be better than Mr. Bender as the buyer of the famous picture, and Lord Theygne as its owner; the one seeking to purchase as the best possible means to self-advertisement, and the other willing to part from one of the glories of his house for a proper consideration, and then ultimately "holding on" to it because such tenacity best expressed his own pride of possession and self-will? And Lord John as the intermediary, the "promoter"; Lady Sandgate, yearning to follow Lord Theygne's abortive "lead," both left eventually chequeless by the rash and revengeful fury of Lord John; and then the final scene—left to our imagination—when the Prince comes to Lady Sandgate's to congratulate his Lordship on the latter's patriotism, generosity, and public spirit in bestowing the much-acclaimed picture on the Nation—could anything be more entertaining? And by this same token do even Mr. James's warmest admirers fully realize the generous compliment he pays them in his unfaltering appeal to their intelligence and imagination? For he shares with them so fully, as it were, his own richly varied perceptions. In this he and Browning are something alike—the largesse of their confidence in the helpful intelligence of their readers. And can it be said that in either case the confidence has always been justified? For it may be doubted whether Mr. James has ever received from his countrymen a tithe of the meed that is his due.

It has been said that Mr. James relies too much upon the head to the exclusion of the heart, that there is too great intellectual astringency in his work as compared with its emotional quality. But one must measure the length of the sword by the sheath; must estimate what is reserved by what is given; must understand that, as the Rabbis say, "Silence is the truest worship." How great an idealist Mr. James must be *before* he can become so fine a realist must be divined. "The golden distillation of the real," which was the high aim of the *Author of Beltraffio*, is not infrequently Mr. James's achievement. It may be but a golden drop, but the rare liquor is unmistakable, and there are many such golden drops to be enjoyed in his works. His marvelous power of elimination, by which he can sufficiently portray even abject mental and spiritual squalor, to say nothing of mere material poverty, with no overloading of common and sordid detail, is part of his own peculiar art. It may be objected, perhaps, that Mr. James shows at times a too great fear of the common and commonplace, since these also have their value and significance, and help in any true delineation of life; but in a day when realism for realism's sake is the cry, when masses of meaningless detail are supposed to be the true holding up of the mirror to nature and life, those who can still practice the art of elimination should be doubly cherished. For enough

is even better than a feast. In this last novel, however, the rights of head and heart are delightfully balanced. The characters of Lord Theygne, Lady Sandgate, Bender, and Lord John throw into fine and charming contrast the youthful lovers, Lady Grace and Hugh Crimble, who, in their single-hearted devotion to art, discover each other. The characters are few, but their significance is far-reaching, and the skill with which every man and woman in turn is made to reveal the essential self is most rare. Rightly to appreciate the power and art of Mr. James, his penetration into life and his mastery of presentation, is no small part of one's own intellectual equipment. Happy they, then, who, by true appreciation, can enjoy the freedom of so much excellence.

THE POWER OF TOLERANCE. By GEORGE HARVEY. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1911.

It is natural that any woman in opening this collection of addresses, which ranges from 1904 to 1911, should turn her attention first of all to George Harvey's speech before the Woman's University Club of New York on the subject "Have Women Souls?" A man's view of so important a point as this must be the superscription and image of an entire character. The author admits that at a first glance the analogous question might be, Have men? But as a matter of fact, since the beginning of recorded history men, who had the upper hand in making it, took their souls for granted. One author states that the question was uppermost among the early Hebrews, when according to the Elohist account of creation male and female were brought into being equal; according to the Jahovistic account the woman was made out of the rib of the man, and was given him as toy or drudge, solace or spur, as he might choose. "Physiologically," writes Colonel Harvey, "no evidences of the correctness of this theory remain in man, but theologically it is held to be as sound as if a rib were really missing from every masculine frame." The position of woman in Babylonia was much higher than in Israel, where she was originally the property first of parents and then of husband, and was at all times prohibited from religious worship. There is no recognition of women in the decalogue, but, on the contrary, they are mentioned as property in common with oxen and asses. Later on St. Paul threw the whole force of his dominant personality in favor of the subjection of woman. At this point Colonel Harvey gives up the discussion and leaves the matter unsettled. It is a pity that in one more paragraph he did not reassure us by telling us that at the Council of Macon during the sixth century the question was hotly discussed and finally decided by ballot, when a majority of *one* put woman finally in possession of a soul, which she has most actively exercised ever since; she has been saint and martyr and leader in religious reform (witness Susanna Wesley and the Quaker women of the American colonies), and is now the sustaining bulwark of modern ecclesiasticism. Undoubtedly women today have souls, if any one has. The most modern theory, however, now is that no one man or woman has a soul unless he makes it. "The soul doubtless is immortal," sang Browning, "where a soul can be discerned";